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The Washington Times
Published Evening and Sunday at
THE MUNSEY BUILDING,
Penn. Ave., between 12th and 14th Sts.
New York Office: 122 Fifth Ave.
Chicago Office: 1710 Commercial Bank Bldg.
Boston Office: Journal Building
Daily, one year.....\$3.00
Sunday, one year.....\$2.50

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

The Times is served in the city of Washington and District of Columbia by newsboys, who deliver and collect for the paper on their own account at the rate of 6 cents a week for the Evening and 5 cents a copy for the Sunday edition.
Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1907.

Good Times Coming.

Favorable bank reports, improvement in the quotations of standard securities, higher prices of sound industrial stocks, and the reopening of many great business enterprises all show that the country is fast recovering from the recent panic.

The best indication of returning prosperity is the reopening of some of New England's greatest factories, the resumption of the making of iron and steel in the Pittsburgh district, where 46,000 skilled workers will soon take up their tools, and the splendid condition of our agricultural resources.

Better yet for the mercantile interests, and for all classes, the wage scales in every field of endeavor in 1908 will probably suffer no reduction from the scales of 1907. High wages and the full dinner pail are the best barometers of ease and contentment throughout the land.

The most satisfactory symptoms of the present situation is the returning spirit of confidence.

After all, the recent financial stringency served good purposes. It squeezed millions of fictitious values from inflated stocks and bonds, reducing them to somewhere near their real values, and it removed from legitimate old-time banking circles many dangerous financial pirates, who can be missed without a single tear.

Another most gratifying effect: Immense sums were retransferred to the small investors' pockets through the opportunity to buy real stocks and bonds at honest values. These sums had previously been siphoned by various light-fingered gentry expert in stock thimberlugging from those same pockets.

'Tis true the pill was bitter, the purging of the financial body violent, but the patient is rapidly recovering, and will be healthier than before.

The Prohibition Movement.

This thing of restricting the traffic in alcoholic liquors seems to have become a matter of business rather than of sentiment, nowadays. While this country has been wondering at the marvelous march of anti-liquor sentiment, first in the South and latterly in other sections, it is interesting to note what is doing in other countries. Apparently the same general conditions that have produced a given result in this country have worked similarly elsewhere.

In Italy, for example, it is reported that a great organization is being formed for the propagation of sentiment and the extension of the campaign against alcohol. Great progress has been made, especially in the industrial region of northern Italy. As in this country, there is nothing fanatic or extreme about this new movement. It is simply a movement to secure a result that a large number of people deem desirable. There is about as much sentiment in it as there is in the Mercantile Marine League or the Protective Tariff League.

Other continental countries have become interested in the notion of lopping off the abuses of the liquor traffic. Even in Germany the movement has found friends and force enough to improve conditions in some communities where improvement was needed. In Great Britain the agitation against excessive drinking has had the highly significant result that in recent years of greatly increased prosperity among the working classes the average per capita consumption of liquor has decreased. There can hardly be doubt that the drinking evil has been a most menacing one in England. Nowhere on the Continent have conditions become so bad as in the big English and Scotch cities; and the fact that conditions have turned toward the better is proof that the widespread awakening of opinion has not passed over Great Britain without results.

Czar and Douma.

The trial of 160 members of the last Russian Douma is now in progress at St. Petersburg. They are charged with high treason, in that they signed the "Viborg manifesto," in which the people were urged to resist the payment of taxes, and to refuse military service until they received full rights of representation.

In Russia the penalty for high treason is not death, but imprisonment and loss of civil rights.

Doubtless the accused fear only the imprisonment, for their civil rights are a farce. The government will use all its powers to convict these patriots, not alone because they are a thorn in the side of the bureaucrats, but as a warning to the present Douma. This prosecution is an example of the "rights" bestowed by the Czar upon his people.

Russia is in a state of transition from an ancient government modeled on an oriental despotism to a modern government by representatives of the mass of the common people. It is passing from a semi-barbarous state to a condition of higher civilization. The bomb, the torch, volleying soldiery shooting down the mob, Stolypin's neckties, and secret executions of those who dare to oppose the present regime, are only the symptoms of the unrest heaving and rolling beneath the thin upper crust on which sits Nicholas guarded by his troops. He is sitting over a volcano. When the crust breaks, as break it will eventually, the whole fabric of Russian government and society will be greatly changed. The Russian autocracy believes it can retain its power forever, but it fails to recognize that the march of events and the footsteps of advancing humanity in the progress of the world are as irresistible as the whirlwind.

Is the Progressive Movement Waning?

People who believed that the only assurance of continuing the progressive movement in national thought and legislation lay in the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt are finding much to strengthen that opinion. The President is out of consideration. It is useless to assume that conditions might develop in which his nomination would be possible. He will not be nominated. It is worth while to inquire how far his withdrawal has influenced political tendencies.

President Roosevelt assumed the executive office in 1901. There have been six sessions of Congress since his accession; the seventh is now in progress; the eighth and last of his administration will begin in December, 1908. How many of these sessions have made noteworthy contribution to the sum of progressive laws? How many have done anything toward crystallizing the Roosevelt policies into statutes?

It is hardly unfair to say that just one session of the six thus far held has done anything of real import. That was the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress—the rate law session. The session now in progress is certain to accomplish little. Nobody expects it to be effective. The short session that will open a year hence will have the experience usual to the last session of an administration. It will pass the appropriation bills and adjourn.

So that when Theodore Roosevelt lays down his authority after almost eight years of hard work and of determined effort to force his ideas upon Congress he will have to his credit just one session of noteworthy accomplishment. True, he will be able to claim in addition to this that he has aroused public opinion to a determined demand for more good work. He will have committed his party to much that was once despised as populism, then repudiated as Bryan Democracy, and finally popularized as Roosevelt Republicanism. But how near will he have come in reality to—

Reforming the tariff?
Writing an income tax into the law?
Passing an inheritance tax measure?
Developing an administrative system under which the people's control of interstate carriers will be effective?
Bringing the great trusts squarely under Government control?
Stopping overcapitalization?
Reforming and modernizing a money system that constitutes one of the greatest reproaches to the intelligence of this country?
Stopping the waste and promoting the effective conservatism of natural resources?
Settling the limits of Federal and State power over commerce and its instrumentalities?
To this list might be indefinitely added of things to which Theodore Roosevelt has forced the attention of the nation. He has cut out for us our issues; he has pointed the way the country wants to travel; he has done all he could do to help make progress along the road. And at the end of eight sessions of Congress, eight years of administration, this determined, vigorous, tireless, fearless Executive will have accomplished so little that, compared with what is left undone, it cannot but appear insignificant.

Will another take up the work where he leaves it, and press it to accomplishment? It is not likely. The opposition will have a green hand to deal with, not a veteran at the game. It will have business uncertainty on its side. It will have whatever advantage it may gain in the deals incident to the national campaign.

Far more likely, the progressive

cause will rest for a time. It ought not to rest. This country is getting too far behind the rest of the enlightened world in matters of administrative achievement. But it seems certain that the period of the next administration will be one of little accomplishment toward solution of big problems.

Senator Patterson appears to have been knocked down while he was talking, and kicked about in most scandalous fashion. The reports, however, do not say that he stopped talking, and old friends in Washington feel sure he didn't.

That Cleveland man who drew four aces in a poker game and dropped dead had probably dropped pretty much everything else before the ace came out.

Senator Wetmore is finally going to be re-elected, and Senator Aldrich will be relieved of the tremendous responsibility of representing Rhode Island all by his lonesome, while at the same time running the whole Senate.

When Truman H. Newberry, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, comes to the Senate, he should be assigned at once to the Naval Affairs Committee and given charge of legislation relating to the naval militia. That's where he's at home.

The assurance comes from New York that Governor Hughes will in due and proper time tell the country his views on national questions. If the governor will take note of the progress which Taft is making toward surrounding the delegates, he may be convinced that right now is the time to speak up.

That Philadelphia man who gave a \$100,000 ball for his daughter's presentation to society is believed to have done it just for the sake of showing that he could spare the price, and because he was dead sure nobody in New York felt able to raise the ante this season.

John W. Gates is reported interesting Richard Canfield, the other great New York gambler, in some Texas oil enterprises. Probably Gates is planning to get even.

The Nevers powder mill blew up. Here's hoping the explosion knocked off the first letter of the name, so it will be able to reform.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Girl all about with fence of white.
The low-roofed cottage stands;
There, stretching far, are banks of green,
And you are fallow lands.

Skyward at eve the swift bird wings
Along its mead way;
There, stars of love look down by night,
A sun of love by day.

Unchanged the wild and singing woods;
The glad brook dances still;
And echoes as of yore ring out
The music of the hill.

And where we played the violet grows;
The trout leaps in the stream;
And just as fair as long ago
I see you in my dream.

All things in earth, and sky and breeze,
O playmate maiden, naught has changed.
Or passed away, but you!
—Amy Kingsland Pennington, in the Youth's Companion.

HUGHES AND WIFE UNFIT TO RAISE CHILDREN. MRS. POWELL AVERS
(Continued from First Page.)

we can prove," he said, "and whether we discuss them or not will depend on the viciousness of the reply of the defense."

He admitted that in all probability, the defense would attempt to prove the incapacity of the complainants as guardians for the children.

"We intend offering everything in our reply that will tend to strengthen our case," was the statement of Campbell Carrington, attorney for the defense.

Alleges Kidnaping Attempt.

Mrs. Vera Powell said last evening that on Christmas Eve Howard Hughes drove up to her house in a closed cab and, after a short conversation with her, attempted to carry off the children.

"I was at my door when a closed carriage drove up," said she. "It was Christmas Eve and I was planning a little celebration in honor of the children."

"Howard Hughes climbed out of the carriage and opened the gate, at the same time exchanging the usual greetings. He went down to the basement and there stopped a short time to converse with me."

"As I turned my back he reached for the little boy, and started to run with him. I caught the child by the feet, and by screaming at the top of my voice succeeded in attracting the attention of those near by, who hurried to my assistance."

"The man then released the child, and left in the carriage."

Grandfather's Spirit Broken.

Mr. Hughes, the defendant, is about seventy years old, and is employed in the Government service. The recent events in which his son charged him with misconduct have completely broken his spirit, and on his face is an expression of intense anguish pitiful to see.

He declined to discuss the matter, pleading a desire to keep as much in the background of the entire affair as possible.

In the petition it is claimed that Mrs. Powell holds the children in her custody "so that she may have some influence over Ellis Hughes, the defendant, as he is extremely fond of them."

This both parties deny. Mrs. Powell states that she is the owner of the premises at 210 C street northwest, where Mr. Hughes resides, and asserts that she merely rents rooms to him.

"I have an income of \$300 a month in my own right and have owned property in this city for years," she says.

The case will come up for a hearing in the District of Columbia Supreme Court Tuesday.

Elephant Police.

The sight of six pairs of elephants simultaneously at work capturing a half-dozen struggling, trumpeting mates is an imposing one. Like a pair of animal policemen arresting a prisoner, the great beasts slide alongside a victim, take him between them, and jostle and squeeze and worry him till he surrenders. Every inch is contested by the herculean fighters, until nearing a stout tree or stump the little brown elephants catchers slide from their mounts to the ground, crawl under the ponderous bellies, slip cable lines about a hind foot, and take a turn around a tree.—Exchange.

THE FUN MEN MAKE

A POLLO, how is thy record for beauty overtopped?
Paris, how is thy fame for fascination dimmed?
Ye gods, look down upon the Senate of the United States, and mark well how the Senators do adorn themselves. They dwell in the pleasant places of a magic land of mirrors, their smiles brightened, and their faces embellished with all the gentle arts known to a lady's boudoir. How to line a face has usurped the importance of how to write a bill. The high and noble gentlemen in the clutch of artificiality. They charm the world with cosmetic and mesmerize it with a hair restorer.

How Fund Is Used.

All this information has come out by the publication of the annual report of the secretary of the Senate, giving the details of how the contingent fund of the Senate was used. It is an illuminating document, calculated to make the aforementioned gods weep bitterly.

It reveals that the Senatorial complexion has been treated with massage creams, talcum powders, special soaps, and cosmetics of a variety that would do justice to the dressing table of a dramatic star. It shows an absolute disregard of expense in the wholesale application of cures for baldness of noble heads. It throws light on the manner in which delicate perfumes are applied to the temples of the lawmakers. And it lays before the world a tale of how drugs and combinations of drugs were lavished on the mustaches of those who wear the togas of greatness.

It is a great revelation, for which the public will cry out its gratitude. It shows how the contingent fund can be used to bring back to reality the fables of Parnassus, the godlike splendors of Olympus, and of Grecian sculpture. It shows how every Senator can draw the gaze of the people, as the god of the sun drew the glances of the sunflower.

No longer is the high and august body given up exclusively to pondering questions of state. The Senators now, perchance, may be willing to seek a resting place under the trees where the purple shades of evening always lie deepest on the grass. There, charmed to sweet complacency by the knowledge of their own perfection, they may let young Cupids toy with their curling locks and wood nymphs speak with profit the elegance of their upholstered features.

Apollo and Paris, ye gods, the Senate is the ideal of beauty!

COL. JUNIUS W. FOWLER, of Virginia, is a proud man. He is a mighty hunter.

He has not the ghost of Nimrod to the blush, and made the pale specter of the nature-faker look back to his barnyard study for new tales to tell.

While the world scans the newspapers to learn whether President Roosevelt brought down one or two or three wild turkeys in his hunt in the cultivated lands of Alabama, county, Va., Colonel Fowler reclines in a morose chair and smiles a smile that is rich in enjoyment and humble glee.

Eleven Wild Turkeys.

For the colonel is just back to town from the pleasant expanses of Orange county, Va., where, out of twelve shots, he brought down in instant death eleven fine wild turkeys.

Colonel Fowler is a mighty hunter, but he is more. He is nearly six and one-half feet tall. He has a war record behind him that bristles with bayonets and roars like a three-day cannonade. He was a member of the Howitzer battery, and followed the Confederate flag pretty much anywhere it went.

He is also a finished scholar and a contributor to the magazine and daily press of the country, in which work he has made an enviable reputation.

Also, he is full of that courtly grace and gentle chivalry that distinguish some Southern men.

Shines as a Hunter.

But it is as a hunter that the colonel shines nowadays. He has been a hunter all his life. The hand of time has silvered his hair, but his eye is as clear and his hand as steady as ever.

"Eleven turkeys out of twelve shots! The colonel smiles a sardonic smile, a smile that indicates his disapproval of any man's prowess who does not get ten turkeys out of twelve shots, at least. He reads of the President's feats in marksmanship and strokes his military mustache in glee.

He is a mighty hunter.

BARBED with the thrice-distilled venom of malice, the arrow of vindictiveness has been sped into the heart of Representative John W. Langley of Kentucky by his political enemies.

The report has been circulated that, while he was on a railroad train en route to Washington from his Blue Grass home, he lost a dress suit case. That was a bad enough. To represent a constituency which believes that only women and race horses are lovely, and that man is so hideous as to make it a criminal offense to try to make himself good looking, and then to have it known that he has so far succumbed to the call of fashion as to carry a dress suit case, is almost enough to kill any man's political chances.

Lost Suit, Too.

But there is worse yet. This report was not put out thoughtlessly. It was a finished product, with horns on it. It was also said that, with the suit case, he had lost a suit of clothes that cost \$100.

Suffering martyrs! What a thing to say about a member of Congress who wants the good will of the "common people!" A suit of clothes that cost \$100 is almost a capital offense in Kentucky. It hides the galluses. Also, the folly of putting \$100 into a suit of clothes when that sum could be invested in a mint patch, an ice pond and a store of whiskey, is so startling to the average Kentucky voter that he will withdraw his support from the standard of Langley.

Contradict Statement.

Recognizing all this, Langley's friends are contradicting the rumor by letter, telegram and word of mouth. They announce in loud tones that the suit was a "hand-me-down" that cost \$3.75, and that Langley was cheated when he paid such a large price for it. They declare that the "dress suit case" was a canvas bag with horn handles on it.

And what of Langley?

It is said that he is making no efforts to have the case and the suit recovered. This is put out by his enemies. But his friends claim he wants them recovered so as to display before the gaze of all his people the \$3.75 suit and the canvas bag with horn handles.

Such a line of action would help him immensely.

LAWS OF MANY NATIONS PUT IN PAMPHLET FORM

The Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a digest of inheritance tax laws. The compilation, which is called in the subtitle a "Digest of the Principal Features of the Laws of Great Britain, France, and Germany, Together With an Outline of Inheritance Taxation in the United States and a Collection of Judicial Decisions Relating Thereto," is the work of Charles Earl, director of the department, assisted by Max West, of the Bureau of Corporations.

All United States laws bearing on the subject are cited, from the stamp act of 1791 to the war revenue measure of 1898.

Part of the publication is devoted to judicial decisions affecting both Federal and State statutes. Reference to a large number of cases shows among other things that the point is thoroughly established that taxes upon inheritance, whether proportional, progressive, or not, violate the constitutional provisions requiring uniformity and equality of taxation.

THE RAVEN.

When H. G. Wells, the English novelist, was in Boston he praised Poe at a dinner, says the Chicago Record-Herald. "I think hardly of your New England writers," he said, "as the content of the Poe. I shall never be able to forget that Emerson called him 'that jingle man.' Today a thousand read Poe where one reads Emerson, and not to know Poe's work is rather a disgrace. There is a little in Poe that is a rather pretty conducted little line. The landlady gets every visitor to write something about it in a kind of autograph album that she keeps on her drawing-room table."

"One visitor wrote in the album many years ago: 'Quoth the raven:—The landlady did not understand that quote; the raven was not well up in Poe. And even since that time she has shown the raven line to every guest, entreating him to tell her, if he can, its meaning.'"

But the guests are always too polite to tell her. And hence, year after year, every visitor that comes, the poor landlady, with her album gives herself away."

A TALL LORD.

Lord Clifton, whose coming of age has just been celebrated at Cobham Hall, Kent, England, is six feet seven inches high. His father, the Earl of Darlington, is six feet four inches, while the earl, Lord Bligh, Hon. Arthur Bligh, and Lord V. Bligh average six feet two and one-half inches.

MACKEY LUDICROUS, C. I. SIMMS DECLARES

Charles I. Simms, the defeated candidate for Commonwealth's attorney of Alexandria county, Va., whose motive in asking Mayor Sylvester for data concerning Rosslyn, was questioned by Crandal Mackey, incumbent of the office, has replied to the statements made by the Commonwealth's attorney. Simms says that Commonwealth's Attorney Mackey "has placed himself in one of the most ludicrous situations it would be possible for him to reach."

He denies that his request for the data was a "red attack" on Mr. Mackey, and adds that "Tis the galled jade that winces," not forgetting to say that, if the shoe fits, the Commonwealth's attorney may wear it without protest from Mr. Simms.

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

A young fellow in Pittsburg intended to ask her father's consent the other evening, but changed his mind. He has decided to wait till the old gentleman is disabled from a fall on the ice, or till something equally propitious turns up. It happened in this way, says Lippincott's Magazine.

When he reached the house the girl met him at the door, pearls tears stealing down her fair cheeks.

"Oh, George," she sobbed, "I am so glad you have come. Please go into the library and see if you can calm father—he is so excited and is raging about knocking over the furniture and breaking things."

"Certainly," George said briskly. "What is the matter with the old gentleman?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said. "He was all right, and I just began to tell him that you wanted to marry me."

THE ANCIENT PENDULUM.

It appears from the complete edition of the works of Huyghens, now in course of publication at The Hague, that as soon as he had succeeded in applying the pendulum to the regulating of clocks, claims were set up for priority in the invention. The best founded claims were those of Galileo, which were championed by Prince Leopold de Medici. According to the formal statement drawn up by Viviani, Galileo had conceived the idea, but failed to make the application of it. He had a pendulum with wheel work, but omitted to provide any weights, springs or other means of keeping the machinery in motion.

BROWNSON, STRONG AND ABLE, ONCE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE

Intrusted With Working Out Executive's Plans in Regard to Navy—Appointed Against Opposition to Place He Quit.

Admiral Brownson, the storm center in the line-staff fight in the navy, is a man of great ability, both as a fighter and an executive, one of strong character and personality, and it was these qualities that won him the respect and admiration of the President and led the President, before the admiral differed from him, to intrust to him the working out of the President's own plans and policies.

The admiral has held many important posts and has discharged them all in a way that won praise not only from his superiors, but which is more remarkable, from his fellow-officers as well. He is of charming manner, positive, but courteous and kind, and his treatment of those subordinate to him have made him the best-liked chief of the Navigation Bureau has ever had. This is one of the many reasons why he has the moral support of all his brother officers of the line.

President Once Admired Him.

He is just as forceful and full of action as the President himself, but with less show of exertion, and before the break the President was one of his warmest admirers and friends, as evidenced by the fact that the President selected him despite the many obstacles against his own declared policy, to carry out his ideas and plans for the navy. He will never be swayed when he is in the right, is ready to admit when he is wrong, which is seldom, and is fearless of any man when fighting for a principle. It was broadly hinted that one of the President's reasons for removing him from the Joint Army and Navy Board was his fear of the admiral as a fighter, and one who might upset his own policies through sheer forcefulness if he remained on the board.

Admiral Brownson attained the rank of rear admiral in 1895, and had just returned home from command of the Asiatic fleet when he was appointed to the Bureau of Navigation last spring. He reached the age of retirement in a few weeks, but notwithstanding this fact the President retained him despite opposition because of his ability. He was very close to the President and was the practical head of the naval establishment. The President never failed to call him in conference on all matters pertaining to the navy and to ask his advice. This, it is said, is the chief reason why it came about that he thrashed out the appointment of Surgeon Stokes with the President, and the fight was between the President and himself instead of between the President and the Secretary of the Navy.

Tried in Many Positions.

As a midshipman he headed a daring "cutting out" party which defeated a gang of Mexican pirates; as a commander he handled the cruiser Detroit when it broke the Brazilian blockade in 1894; as a captain he commanded the Yankee during the Spanish war. He has been tried equally thoroughly in other lines of duty. He has done scientific work for the Coast Survey; he was in the hydrographic office for four years in important positions; he was commandant of cadets at the Naval Academy and he was superintendent of that institution from 1892 to 1894, when he made a record for efficient work; he was sent abroad in 1898 to purchase ships of war for this country, doing his work so well that he was thanked by the Navy Department.

In all these various spheres of activity his admirers in the service are fond of declaring that he never made a professional mistake, and that he always could be relied upon to do the proper thing under any circumstances—whether at a battle or at a ball.

Breaks Brazilian Blockade.

One of Rear Admiral Brownson's most exciting adventures occurred during the Brazilian revolution in 1894. An insurgent blockade was in force, and American merchantmen were not allowed to enter Rio de Janeiro harbor. Admiral Benham, in command of the American warships in Brazilian waters, ordered Commander Brownson, on the Detroit, to break up the blockade. With his "fighting smile" on his face, Brownson cleared the Detroit for action. Several American merchantmen and like ships of other nations were in the mouth of the harbor waiting for the blockade to be lifted.

Brownson headed his ship directly for the city, the Stars and Stripes flying and the muzzles of the guns trained directly upon the biggest Brazilian insurgent man-of-war lying near by. A musket was fired from the Trajano, the insurgent vessel. Brownson at once had a six-pounder discharged across the Trajano's bow, and then the Brazilian revolutionary ship was hailed in this style:

"Trajano, ahoy!" yelled Commander Brownson. "If you fire again I will sink you."

It was a critical moment. The Trajano's men were undecided whether to offer battle or not. Then they looked again at Brownson on the Detroit's bridge. He was smiling grimly. Trajano's commander thought better of his desire for battle. The Detroit went up the harbor untouched, with an American merchantman in her wake. Then the other American merchantmen and the merchantmen of the other nations sailed into the harbor. Brownson had broken the blockade.

Since Rear Admiral Brownson took command of the Bureau of Navigation that bureau has had to handle the preparations for the cruise to the Pacific now on, the greatest peace move of the navy during its history.

AUDITOR ERNEST TIMME RETURNS FROM WISCONSIN

Ernest G. Timme, auditor for the Post-office Department, returned to Washington yesterday after spending ten days at his home at Kenosha, Wis. Auditor Timme placed his resignation in the hands of the President about six weeks ago, and is waiting the appointment of his successor to return to his home permanently, which he desires to do because of the illness of Mrs. Timme.

There is but little speculation as to who is to succeed Auditor Timme, but it is thought that the President will be ready to send the name of the new man to the Senate soon after the holiday recess.

The New Year
by
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

MORTAL:

"The night is cold, the hour is late, the world is bleak and drear;
"Who is it knocking at my door?"

THE NEW YEAR:

"I am Good Cheer."

MORTAL:

"Your voice is strange; I know you not; in shadows dark I grope.
"What seek you here?"

THE NEW YEAR:

"Friend, let me in; my name is Hope."

MORTAL:

"And mine is Failure; you but mock the life you seek to bless.
"Pass on."

THE NEW YEAR:

"Nay, open wide the door; I am Success."

MORTAL:

"But I am ill and spent with pain; too late has come your wealth.
"I cannot use it."

THE NEW YEAR:

"Listen, friend: I am Good Health."

MORTAL:

"Now, wide I fling my door. Come in, and your fair statements prove."

THE NEW YEAR:

"But you must open, too, your heart, for I am Love."